

And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For shame put vp.

Deme. Not I, till I haue sheath'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,
Foule spoken Coward,
That thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.

Aron. A way I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set vpon a Princes right?

What is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, Iustice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Emperesse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.

Chi. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lavinia* more then all the world.

Deme. Youngling,
Learne thou to make some meaner choise,
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuise.

Chi. *Aron*, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To atchieue her whom I do loue.

Aron. To atchieue her, how?

Deme. Why, mak'st thou it so strange?

Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lavinia* therefore must be lou'd.

What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loose to steale a shiue we know:

Though *Bassianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne *Fulcans* badge,

Aron. I, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Deme. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to
With words, faire looks, and liberality: (court it
What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers nose?

Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes.

Chi. I so the turne were serued.

Deme. *Aron* thou hast hit it.

Aron. Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be th'd with this adoo:
Why harke yee, harke yee; and are you such fooles,
To square for this? Would it offend you then?

Chi. Faith not me.

Deme. Not me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, & ioyne for that you iar:
Tis pollicie, and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolute,

Chi. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore. the plaine

Deme. *Chiron*

That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucresse* was not more chaste
Then this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus* loue,

A speedier course this lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemne hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely Roman Ladies troope:

The Forrest walkes are wide and spacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Emperesse with her sacred wit
To villanie and vengence consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your felues,
But to your wishes height aduance you both.

The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your turnes.

There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lavinia's* Treasure.

Chi. Thy counsell Lad smells of no cowardise.

Deme. *Sisyphus* and *nefas*, till I finde the streames,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia per vates Vebor.

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noise
with hounds and hornes, and Marcus.*

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are Greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,

And wake the Emperour, and his lovely Bride,
And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may eecho with the noyse.

Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Winds Hornes.
Heere a cry of houndes, and winds hornes in a peale, then
Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, De-
metrius, and their Attendants.

77. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie,
Madam to you as many and as good.

I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.

Satur. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.

Bass. *Lavinia*, how say you?

Lavi. I say no:
I haue bene awake two houres and more.

Satur. Come on then, horse and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.

Mar. I haue dogges my Lord,
Will rouse the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest Pomonary top.

Tit. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore. the plaine

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Deme. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with Horse nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt*
Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much Gold vnder a Tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abiectly,
Know that this Gold must coine a stratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:

And so repose sweet Gold for their vnrest,
That haue their Almshouses out of the Emperesse Chest.

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tamora. My lovely *Aaron*,
Wherefore look'st thou sad,

When every thing doth make a Gleefull boast?
The Birds chaunt melody on euery bush,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,

The greene leaues quier, with the cooling winde,
And make a cheker'd shadow on the ground:
Vnder their sweet shade, *Aaron* let vs sit,

And whilst the babbling Echo mock's the Hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well tun'd Hornes,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,

Let vs sit downe, and make their yelping noyses
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd,
The wandering Prince and *Dido* once enioy'd,

When with a happy storme they were surpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counsaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,

(Our pastimes done) possesse a Golden slumber,
Whilst Hounds and Hornes, and sweet Melodious Birds
Be vntroubl'd, as is a Nurses Song

Of Lullaby, to bring her Babe asleepe.

Aron. Madam, your desires,
Though *Venus* governe your desires,
Saturne is Dominator ouer mine:

What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly haire, that now vneurles,

Euen as an Adder when she doth vnrowle
To do some fatall execution?
No Madam, these are no Veneriall signes,

Vengence is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.

Harke *Tamora*, the Emperesse of my Soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen, then rests in thee,
This is the day of Doome for *Bassianus*;

His *Philomel* must loose her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chastity,
And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.

Seest thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
Now question me no more, we are espied,

Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues destruction.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Tamora. Ah my sweet *Moore*:
Sweeter to me then life.

Aron. No more great Emperesse, *Bassianus* comes,
Be crosse with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be.

Bass. Whom haue we heere?
Romes Royall Emperesse,

Vnsurnisht of our well beseeing troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,

To see the generall Hunting in this Forrest?
Tamora. Saweie controuler of our priuate steps:
Had I the power, that some say *Dian* had,
Thy Temples should be planted presently,

With Hornes, as was *Alteons*, and the Hounds
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art.

Lavi. Vnder your patience gentle Emperesse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your *Moore* and you
Are flagled forth to try experiments:

Lone shield your husband from his Hounds to day,
Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag:
Bass. Belceue me *Queen*, your swarth *Cymeron*,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, deflected, and abhominable.

Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
Discounted from your Snow-white goodly Seede,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*?

If soule desire had not conducted you?
Lavi. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord, be rated
For Saucinesse, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauens coloured loue.

This valley fits the purpose passing well.
Bass. The King my Brother shall haue notice of this.
Lavi. I, for these slips haue made him noied long,
Good King, to be so mightily abused.

Tamora. Why I haue patience to endure all this?
Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Deme. How now deere Soueraigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnes looke so pale and wan?

Tamora. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale?
These two haue tie'd me hither to this place,
A barren, deflected vale you see it is.

The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Ore-come with Mousse, and balefull Mistletoe,
Heere neuer shines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds;

Vnlesse the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauens:
And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes,
Ten thousand swelling Toades, as many Vrchins,

Would make such fearefull and confused cries,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should strait fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But strait they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a dismal yew,
And leaue me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me foule Adulteresse,
Lasciuious Goth, and all the bitterest tearmes
That euer eare did heare to such effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my Children.

Deme. This is a witness that I am thy Sonne. *stab him.*
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